

# Robinson's MAGAZINE:

A REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL PAPERS, & SELECTIONS FROM  
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Robinson's Circulating Library, No. 94, Baltimore-street.

AT FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1819.

[No. 50.]

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON, OR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

From the Literary Gazette.

### DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

That in the Captain's but a choleric  
word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.  
*Measure for Measure.*

'Tis the temptation of the devil,  
That makes all human actions evil:  
For saints may do the same things by  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the Devil's instance do—  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the saints and wicked vary.  
*Hudibras.*

"HOW sorry I was to see Lady —'s name in print," said Lady Leonora Ogle the other day. "I knew of her unfortunate attachment to the Colonel long ago. One can hardly blame her: she ought to have been married to the Colonel; but he was too poor. The attachment has subsisted for ten years. How unlucky that it should have been exposed at last. She is much to be pitied." "And her Lord?" said I—"Oh! the nasty disagreeable creature!"

Oh! ho! cried I to myself, rubbing my forehead, I was

right never to have married. This is a delicate distinction, indeed, only fitted for high life. An illicit intercourse is called, in the circles of haut ton, an *unfortunate attachment!* and because the lady has dishonoured her husband for years, 'tis a pity that she should be found out! *She* can hardly be blamed for marrying a man whom she hates, because he is rich! nor for making him a cloak for her sins, because her lover is handsomer and poorer than he! --and *he* is not to be pitied, because, irritated by well-grounded suspicion, he becomes a disagreeable creature! Very pretty indeed!

A moment after, a very elegant young man entered the drawing-room. He played of all the airs of an *Exquisite* of the world, looked grave and interesting, sighed, complained of ennui, of his unlucky stars, again looked interesting, and made his visit short. "I saw you in the Kings road, with you know who, yesterday," said she at parting. "No! did you?" replied he in a silvery tone, "I'm always seen

by somebody; I am an unfortunate devil Adieu! *au revoir*.'

"I do like that young man," exclaimed she, with much emphasis. "Indeed every body likes him, but his frump of a wife. I wonder how he could have sold himself to a lump of warehouse vulgarity, and of riches picked up in the dirt. The daughter of a Packer to aspire to such a man as that! or to conceive for a moment that he could like her! He is desperately attached to Mrs. \*\*\*\*, and I fear that there will be a *blow up* ere it be long. I have no patience with his jealous-pated spouse, who torments the poor fellow to death."

'And you pity *him* too?' said I. "I do," concluded her Ladyship, "from the bottom of my heart." Another nice distinction. A common man, who squandered his wife's means, treated her with scorn, and lived with another woman, would be reckoned a vagabond and a reprobate, and the case of the honest woman of a wife would be commiserated; but here the wife is blamed for not submitting gracefully and genteelly to adultery; and her presumption is excessive in expecting any thing else from so elegant a man.

Riding in the Park, I fell in with \*\*\*\* of the Guards. We took a turn or two, and met George Rackrent. "I am astonished," said I, "at seeing him about again. I understood that he was in prison, and that he had not a shilling left in the world out of his large fortune,—What an imprudent man he has been!" "True," said the bold Captain; "but I'm happy to tell

you that he is now as fresh as ever; he has quite made a recovery; he is brought round, and lives as comfortably as any man, and in pretty good style. He has taken the benefit; and has moreover been very lucky at play of late. I rather (with great emphasis and elongation on the *ra-ather*, which he spoke in a low tone, and divided into two distinct syllables)—I rather think that he has been put *up*; but I assure you he is as goodnatured and generous a fellow as ever lived; and in spite of all his misfortunes, he has not lost a friend, nor does he owe a gaming debt in the world.'

Here's discrimination for you! He throws away his own fortune in gambling, in horse-racing, and in all sorts of debauchery; he pays his gaming debts in preference and to the exclusion of his banker, his wine-merchant, his tailor, his butcher, and a host of minor creditors, who may be ruined by such conduct on his part; he degrades himself by taking the benefit of the insolvent act; he sets up in good style, instead of making an effort to be honest; he learns to cheat at cards and at dice; and yet, because he prefers fleecing strangers to not satisfying his friends, who very likely, have little to lose, or may be *up* themselves, he is a goodnatured, generous fellow! nay, an honourable one, although it is *ra—ther* thought that he lives by plunder! What would be the thought of a tradesman, who lived beyond his means and above his sphere; then cheated his creditors; and afterwards subsisted by fraudulent practices?

This delicate distinction is



something like my cousin Tom and extensively as on the for- calling himself an *old soldier*, because he had learned to sell a horse for more than it was worth, to take advantage of a novice at billiards, to play a good hand at whist; and because he received obligations of every one without returning any,—such as sponging upon a greenhorn, sharing the extravagance of a profligate, betting with the odds in his favour, and hoaxing the ignorant in all gentlemanly ways. Quære, Whether this is not being not only very unlike a soldier, but very like a rogue?

Lastly a female servant came to Lady Leonora to be hired on another morning when I was present. Her Ladyship asked her why she left her last place. "Why, my Lady," said she "honestly and candidly, I must confess that I had a misfortune." 'Then,' said her Ladyship, sternly, 'you will not suit me, for I cannot encourage vice. I expostulated with her Ladyship; and assured her that the misfortune of being married without priest, form, or ceremony, was just as natural as her other friends' *faux pas*, and that I should have expected her Ladyship's pity on this occasion just as charitably

mer. But her Ladyship made a very nice distinction betwixt the orders of society, with the view of convincing me, that there was all the difference in the world.

Thus vice in the vulgar herd, is error in persons of quality; an adulterous intercourse in low life, is an unfortunate *tendre* in high life; extravagance in people of humble birth, is mere want of order in people of fashion; dishonesty of the inferior classes, is thoughtlessness in their betters; and robbing with dice in your hand instead of with a pistol on the highway, provided it be done in the higher circles, is only a little manœuvring—being awake, put up, or down as a nail, for which (with change of person, place and instrument) a wretched fellow creature might be put up, upon a high post, or to be put down in some dreary dungeon. When one hears these nice distinctions, one cannot help thinking of the song in the Beggar's Opera—

"Since laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others as well as in me,  
I wonder we ha'ent better company  
Upon Tyburn Tree?"

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

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From the European Magazine.

## RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

### ST. MARK'S EVE IN YORKSHIRE.

**A**MONG the antiquities of cent, from whence it overlooks Craven is a castle said to the little town it once protected. have been built by Robert de The inhabitants of this town have Romeville, in the days of the not yet forgotten their former Norman Conquerour, and very sexton, Old Ozias, a man whose picturesquely situated on an as- anatomy might have been so cor-

rectly traced through its scanty covering, that he seemed created to instruct the physicians whose work he finished. A lean blind dog, a coarse coat of dark stone grey, as if intended to resemble the ancient building to which he belonged, and a strong staff, were this man's usual accompaniments; but he thought the first unnecessary when he celebrated the vigil of St. Mark's eve. At the eleventh hour of that mysterious vigil, Ozias ascended the long winding walk of a church-yard paved with monumental stones, and took his seat alone in the porch, having qualified himself by a long fast, or abstinence from solids at least, to claim the revelations allotted to St. Mark's eve, during which all who are destined to die before the next anniversary are seen entering the church in a shadowy and silent procession. Those to whom only a dangerous sickness is fated, are supposed to advance no farther than the gate. Such processions could not fail to be very interesting to the parish sexton, who never neglected this vigil, and was known to have predicted the deaths of several hypochondriack gentlemen and aged ladies with surprising exactness, though some suspected his prophecies hastened, and probably caused, their own confirmation. Therefore Ozias sat in the church-porch with more hope than fear; but neither the fumes of his last cup, nor his anxious fancy, created any spectres; and he looked down the long street which ascends to the church without seeing a single door open to send forth a visitor. The clock had begun to strike twelve, and the sexton was rising with a sigh of despair, when three male figures in dark cloaks, and one in female attire, appeared at the gate of the castle which flanked the church, and slowly descended towards the walk of the dead. Notwithstanding Ozias's familiarity with St. Mark's spectres, and the benefit they promised him, he could not see this distinct and solemn procession without trembling: and when the church-yard gate opened, he shrunk into the darkest corner of the porch. But the persons whom these shadows represented were not destined to die within twelve months, for they paused there, and returned to the castle in the same slow and silent manner. The last stroke of the clock had sounded, and Ozias, knowing the prophetick hour was past, left his seat in the porch, and crept home with more terroure and surprise than he dared confess. The inhabitants of the castle were at that period only the steward and his wife, two daughters, as many maid-servants, and one man. How then, could a procession of three males and one female be supposed to represent this family?—Ozias canvassed this question in his own mind; and not willing to lose the possible benefit of a prediction, he whispered to his wife, that he had seen certain apparitions boding ill to the noble owner of the castle. The whisper circulated as usual, for the sexton's lady had a head too full of chinks to hold any thing, and her prophetick hints on such occasions were marvellously useful to her husband. The Stewardess of De Romeville's castle had unfortunately a stupendous petticoat of homespun cloth



to quilt about this time, and collected, according to ancient custom, all the good wives of the town to assist in the work, and enjoy some exquisite hyson. While the household damsels enlivened their supper by ducking for apples\* and hunting the ring in a bowl of plum posset, the terrible tale of St. Mark's eve was related at the upper table. Walter Lambert, the seneschal or steward of the domain, heard it with a shrewd smile of contempt, but, unlike other hearers, he considered that a mere invention of old Ozias would have had more likelihood and shew of truth. Taking its improbability as a proof of some real fact concealed beneath it, and having perhaps a few secret reasons, he resolved to watch the castle-gate himself that night. His family went to bed at the customary hour of nine, and Lambert, waapped in a very long and dark roquelare, concealed himself near the portcullis. This castle, well deserving the motto "*Descrmais*," inscribed over its gate, was still remarkable for the extent and strength of its walls, which enclosed a square court open to the moon beams. As if to avoid them, he perceived a female walking on the north side of this court; but when or how she entered, his eyes could not inform him. Presently three other figures, such as Ozias had described, followed her slowly one by one till they disappeared.

\* Shakespeare alludes to this custom, when his Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, says,

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab."

Walter was a brave and sagacious man, but he lived in the middle of the eighteenth century. He was affected by the dimness and solitude of the hour, by the soundless and solemn tread of these figures, and especially by the resemblance of the female one to a person long since dead. Yet he remembered that earthly forms might have found a passage through the north side of the court to a terrace which bordered it. He made haste through that passage, and saw these strange spectres gliding down a descent almost beyond human tread, among elms that have grown for ages on the shelves of the steep, towards the river that washes their roots. Lambert grew dizzy as he looked into the tremendous chasm, and asked himself if he only dreamed. The crash of one of these old elms' branches, convinced him that more than shadows were endeavouring to descend; and a sudden thought taught him another mode of acting. The narrow river which found its way, almost invisibly, under the steep terrace, had a communication with a canal lately dug; and any boat which attempted to pass might be stopped at the first lock. Walter ran with the speed of an alarmed father by another road to the banks of the canal, considering himself certain that the groupe he had seen, if they were fugitives, would be compelled to pass that way. He waited at the first lock till his impatience grew to agony: he walked on the narrow pathway, among rocks and weeds, till he reached the hollow under the castle-terrace where he had seen them descending. Not a

trace of boat or passengers could be found. Not a branch had been broken from the magnificent elms that almost overtop the castle, nor was there the print of a single footstep on the declivity of the moist bank. The dead leaves lay thick and undisturbed, and some lilies which grew at the water's edge hung in clusters too full and extensive to have permitted swimmers or a boat. He returned to the castle-court in extreme agitation. He placed a ladder against the window of his daughter's bed-chamber, where a watch light always burned; and looking in, perceived both his children asleep in their respective beds. This spectacle completed his confusion, though it calmed his worst fears, and he went to his own room almost converted to superstition.

Those who have resided in the North know that sales of cattle were managed there about the year 1752 in a mode very different from the present. At that period deputies were chosen by the farmers of certain townships or districts, and these deputies chose from among themselves a commissioner of sufficient skill and probity, to purchase in the Highlands, or elsewhere, the required number of cattle. When it was collected, and divided into proportionable lots, the deputies assembled on the place where their cattle stood, and each gave a piece of copper coin to one of the drovers, who tossed them in his bonnet, and threw each piece towards a lot of cattle. The farmers abided by this chance, and received the lot to which their deputy's piece of money had been thrown. Walter Lambert, having been selected to attend this animal lottery as a representative of the wealthiest salesman in his district, was compelled to leave home a few hours after his midnight adventure: and as the allotment of so many hundreds necessarily took place on a very extensive moor, his imagination shaped some fearful presentiments of personal danger. But he forbore to alarm his good dame's superstition, and contented himself with strictly charging her to lock the castle gates with her own hands, and deposit the keys under her pillow. No commands could be received with more intention to obey; but as the nights were cold, and the court-yard gloomy, Dame Lambert entrusted the office to her deputy in many important matters, a faithful servant who had held her trust forty years; not in the fashion of a modern domestic, but like an ancient Yorkshire handmaiden, making oatmeal pottage at five o'clock in the morning, knitting hose for all the family, and spinning fine wool or thread for future gowns, by her good mistress's side, on the kitchen *long-settle*, or wooden settee, without any relaxation, except a quarterly dance at a feast in silver-buckled shoes and an everlasting chintz, or a lover's visit on the morning appropriated to the three joint labours of washing, baking, and brewing. Therefore it is not surprising that Susan Pate was the repository of the village superstitions, and the oracle of the young castle-damsels in all matters of legend and tradition. Nor did she affect much



displeasure when her master's eldest daughter whispered in her ear, "Nurse Susan, my father will return to-morrow night, and I have not yet found an ash-leaf with two points, or pulled an ivy-leaf with the ditty you taught me.\* If you will wear my night-dress and sleep in my place to-night, my little sister will not miss me while I go in search of them." Nobody understood the importance of these ceremonies better than ancient Susan, or had assisted oftener in compounding the mysterious cake on St. Agnes's eve, though with very little success for herself. Proud of any share in matters which flatter the human heart's self-love so gracefully, by connecting its wishes with the powers of unseen spirits, Susan obeyed her foster-child's injunctions of secrecy, and crept unsuspected into the chamber appropriated to Edith and Margaret Lambert. She lay couched in some fear of detection, and without daring to speak to the other occupant, whose sleep was profound. But in the most dreaded and witching hour of night, the door opened gently, and a female form approached the impostor's bed. The rustling of long yellow silk garments, a pompoon of diamonds prodigiously elevated on a battalion of white curls, and an apron of stiff point-lace, announced Lady Ann Pembroke, whose spirit has never ceased to molest her favourite castle since the days of Dr. Donne. Even the

apparition of a brocade negligèe has the privilege of rustling, and poor Susan, trembling under the massy velvet counterpane, never doubted that Lady Ann came to rebuke her for profaning a bed once consecrated to her family. But the spectre, after waving her fan thrice, bent her head to the pillow—"It is time!—come instantly, and in silence!"—Not even the courage of an old practitioner in charms and mysteries could have resisted this summons, if Susan had not remembered certain legends concerning a coffer of gold supposed to have lain under these walls since the death of Charles the Second; and some hopes of being an agent in revealing it, mingled with great fears of awaking the innocent and unconscious sleeper in the adjoining bed, induced an attempt to rise. Lady Ann's menacing gestures rebuked her delay; and covering herself in the velvet counterpane, she made another effort, which the vigorous spirit aided by snatching her up, muffling her head completely in the heavy velvet, and carrying her out of the room. Probably two or three other goblins of Lady Ann's acquaintance were in readiness, for the unfortunate damsel was carried through innumerable galleries and windings till the fresh air was permitted to reach her face. Then by a dim star-light she perceived herself on the verge of that tremendous precipice shrouded by interwoven elms behind the castle. Remembering that a poor miller was supposed to have perished there, either in desperate love of her or of too much ale, she apprehended that these spectres came to ex-

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\* "Ivy-leaf, ivy-leaf, I pluck thee!  
I love one, and one loves me!  
To-night may I see, and to-morrow  
    ken  
Him from among all mortal men."

ecute retribute justice by hurling her down. Her shrieks and protestations of regret for Robin's fate were stifled by Lady Pembroke and her companions till they had reached the river's edge, and placed her in a boat. But her cries and struggles could be controlled no longer, and at the instant that Lady Ann's representative tore off his fantastick attire, and seized an oar, a pistol-ball from the shore entered his forehead and he fell lifeless into the water. Susan was not so completely stupified by this scene as to be incapable of perceiving that his assistants fled among the trees; but her dismay was greater when she heard the voice of her master. She made but one leap from the boat to the bank, scrambled up the knottiest elm, and remained concealed by the friendly help of her dark green velvet mantle till the terrible voice was heard no more.

Walter Lambert, haunted by vague and dismal forebodings, had returned from Bossmoor a night sooner than he had promised, to renew his watch under the castle-terrace. He saw the boat, the struggle, and the female figures; and had three times summoned the boatmen unregarded before he discharged his pistol. Then all the groupe seemed to vanish as if by magick: he plunged among the elms, calling on his daughter: and failing in his efforts to obtain a reply, or to discover any one, he returned to the disastrous bank. The boat had disappeared, the body of the fallen man was no where visible—he searched the shallow water with his staff, unmindful of his own dan-

ger, till another and more urgent curiosity seized him. He entered by a private postern and a master-key into his daughter's apartment, and again found both in perfect repose. Not a stain of night-dew or of blood was on the night-dress of either; yet the female he had seen wore Edith's garments, and he was very certain that she could not have preceded him into the castle. At day-break he caused the water to be dragged; but the whole transaction was either a dream, or had left no trace behind.

Whatever might be the truth, Lambert understood human nature too well to imagine he should gain any thing by inquiries. If his daughter Edith had concern in it, secret shame and regret would be her punishment: and his forbearance, added to the tenderness he meant to shew her, might give a sacred claim on her filial duty. He had too little confidence in his wife's strength of intellect to trust her with a secret which could only involve her in fears on his account, and anguish on her child's; and especially he feared to sully the mind and disturb the peace of his favourite daughter by a suspicion of her sister's guilt. Margaret, or as he was more accustomed to call her, his Pearl, was indeed a creature of such delicacy as seemed fit only to repose like a jewel among down. The appellation she bore was suited to her exterior, no less than to her character, for her complexion had that pearly paleness and transparency so admired in Guido's beauties, and so expressively adapted to the soft tint of her eyes and the lucid



serenity of her temper. She was only in her fifteenth year, little more than half the age of her sister, whose shrewish and adventurous disposition rendered the tenderness of this gentle child more balmy to the father. He had secluded her from the common society of a prattling village, partly from jealous fear of losing the last comfort of his age, and partly from a more generous dread of seeing the exquisite innocence of her youth degraded. Perhaps this seclusion now began to grow painful, or it had disposed her mind to seek society among the wild creations of ancient romance ; for though the simplicity and openness of her conversation were undiminished, it became more inquisitive, and tinged sometimes with superstition. Lambert had begun to congratulate himself on the caution he had observed respecting the adventure of St. Mark's eve, and the entire oblivion in which it appeared to rest, when old Ozias came to claim an audience. The anniversary of that eve had arrived again, and he had seen his own spectre sitting in the church-porch, with his lean dog, his grey coat, and his staff ! Lambert heard the story with derision, and almost execrations.—"Sir," the Sexton added, "If I am not to be believed when I see my own ghost, you will believe, mayhap, when you see the letters it has carved on your family tomb stone."—The father grew pale, though he disdained to admit the possibility of letters carved on stone by a chisel of air ; but he visited the church, and saw the blank left on his family's monumental tablet filled up with his beloved daughter's name. He was struck with horror at this trace of the visionary sexton's visit, and determined to remove his Margaret to the healthy and pleasant valley of Dent, beyond the reach of those baleful rumours which this occurrence might create. He proposed the journey, but either the visions of old Ozias or the force of destiny had reached her. She lost even the faint bloom that had mingled with the pearl colour of her cheeks, and the spirit and strength of her frame departed. She told beautiful dreams, and seemed to have peopled every place in her imagination with lovely and benevolent spirits. But the most remarkable particular was, that many of these affecting dreams were realized. She would sometimes pause in the woods, as if to listen, and assure her mother or her sister that some fairy gift awaited her. Often a few hours after, a basket of flowers or a knot of silver tissue would be found in her apartment ; but when her sister took either into her possession, the basket was always said to be filled with vervain, or St. John's wort, and the silver gauze twined round an adder-stone. These accidents were carefully concealed from the incredulous father ; but the mother, the sister, and the household servants, found ample subject for conjecture in occurrences so nearly resembling fairy legends. And the learned neighbours compared her to Alice Pearson and Anne Jefferies, celebrated in 1586 and 1626 for visiting the "little green people" when they seemed quietly in bed. Many tried to dis-



enchant her by the touch of ways aspiring to something great-gilliflowers, whose power against er than itself, finds a kind of sorcery is famous, or of those loveliness in mystery. Dame holy evergreens which protect us Lambert was touched and elevated rather than alarmed. She despatched her only man-servant unsuspected to her post in the for the chaplain of Earl Romeville, whose more modern residence was not distant, and they returned together before midnight. Margaret received the ring under the lovely dreamer's clergyman alone in her chamber, pillow, as if to borrow some where they held a long and part of the mysterious sanctity secret conference; after which which seemed to attend her. he obeyed her mother's request

On the third anniversary of St. Mark's eve, when Lambert began, as usual, his solitary journey to Bossmoor, his favourite daughter's moodiness changed to melancholy. She sent for her mother to her bed-side, and solemnly enjoining secrecy, begged that when her death occurred, she might be buried in the stone coffin of Sir John Wardell of Wharfedale, which lay in the vaults of De Romeville. Being urged to explain the motive of this wish, she replied, with a singular light in her pale blue eyes, that she knew by the spirit of divination, lately granted to her, how her fate was linked with the family of the castle. "I also know," she added, "the moment of my death is not far distant, and I am desirous to commune with their chaplain."—Her mother, whose imagination was alive to all supernatural things, listened with awe and astonishment to this intimation, but did not forget to ask why her daughter preferred a clergyman wholly unknown to her. She repeated her former words, only enforcing them with these—"In two hours it may be too late."—Human nature, al-

for an interview. He looked pale, evidently agitated, and, after several attempts to evade the anxious inquiries addressed to him, replied, in a very grave tone—"I am not certain, madam, whether I ought to discredit all the extraordinary things I have heard to-night, or impute them to that heat of fancy which is either the cause or effect of pretended divinations. Your daughter has confessed to me the particulars of a certain ceremony, by which, on St. Mark's eve, the ignorant women of this district hope to acquire information from ash-leaves of a peculiar shape, or the ivy-leaf plucked with a strange carol. She has been shewn, it seems, the ancient picture of Rosamond de Clifford in this castle, and told the prophecy which hints, that when as much beauty is found in any living inhabitant, another mistress will appear in it. It cannot be denied that Margaret Lambert most nearly resembles the charming countenance of fair Rosamond, and with such inferences and expectations she probably fell asleep. Her dream was strikingly circumstantial. She



imagined herself led by the celebrated phantom of Lady Ann Pembroke, my patron's noble ancestor, into the gallery of pictures, where she saw herself in the ancient garments of fair Rosamond, and afterwards laid in the stone coffin of Sir John Wardell, whose loyalty and courage in the cause of Charles the Martyr lost him his estates. Pardon me if I think the rest of your daughter's narrative only a continuation of her dream. She tells me that her curiosity, excited by this mysterious representation of her fate, induced her to procure a dog, a coat, and a staff, not unlike old Ozias's, and to keep herself the vigil of St. Mark. She obtained the keys of the church from his wife, seated herself near the porch, and saw three men enter with a sack, which they carried towards the chancel, and raising the entrance-stone of De Romeville's vault, descended with it. She had, or dreamed that she had courage enough to wait their departure, after which one of the keys lent to her by the Sexton's wife admitted her into the cemetery. There the lantern which she had concealed under her cloak discovered traces of men's feet about the stone coffin inscribed with the name of our unfortunate Royalist. She saw through a crevice in the wall behind, a kind of cavern crowded with beings of *no human shape*, but of what description I can by no means persuade her to confess, and it seems as if she dared not devise a name for them. The coffin lid was imperfectly placed, and she discerned beneath it a sack whose shape indicated that it contained a human body. She had courage enough to look further, and saw a large crevice in another receptacle of the dead which seem to have been disturbed. It was filled with plate, jewels, and old coin, from which she only ventured to select one small gold ring, as a token of the reality of her adventure. She has shewn it to me. It is a marriage-ring, but certainly bears the initials of the Romeville family, and a very ancient motto. It is possible, however, to have obtained such a ring by an occurrence which I forbear to name, though I think myself justified in suspecting it. Any thing, in short, is more possible or probable than a scene so romantick; and I recommend the most profound secrecy respecting what appears to me only the creation of a mind distracted by its own fervour."—Whatever might be the wisdom of this advice, it was accepted, and Margaret saw her sunk into more eccentric musings, often absented herself for an hour, an evening, or a whole day; and though it was certain that she never quitted her apartment, she told strange and circumstantial tales of the rich scenes and beautiful beings she had visited. By degrees she accustomed herself to hoard food and tapers in a cabinet or oratory, in which she lived secluded so often, that her absence ceased to alarm. On the fourth anniversary of St. Mark's vigil, Walter's anxiety determined him to break open the door of his daughter's mysterious retreat, but he found it empty. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since he had seen

her, and his terroure became bound her secrecy by a frightful inexpressible. It was increased by a summons requiring him to come instantly to his patron's residence. He went almost maddened with agony for his daughter's fate, and his surprise cannot be expressed in words when he found Earl Romeville seated in his saloon with Margaret at his right hand. The first thought that glanced across the father's mind, was a vague hope that the beautiful semblance of Rosamond de Clifford had been elevated to the rank obscurely prophesied. He was confirmed in this pleasant expectation when his daughter threw herself at his feet, and entreated pardon for her dissimulation; and he stood doubtful whether to feel ennobled or humbled, till his patron said, "I owe much, Lambert, to your long fidelity, and more to your daughter's courage. Your own obligation to her is still greater, but I hope to repay both. Notwithstanding your zealous care, a desperate knot of adventurers have established their rendezvous for stolen cattle under my castle. Their leader recommended himself to your eldest daughter's favour but her courage failed her three times when the plan of their elopement was contrived. Even your Pearl appears to have had some blemish of superstitious credulity, since she concealed herself in the sexton's chair on St. Mark's eve to know her fate. It was sufficiently punished. The persons whose midnight visit she detected, discovered her in the church, and

bound her secrecy by a frightful oath, and a threat of exposing the murder committed by her father. The body of her sister's lover lay in the cemetery; and this extraordinary girl, equally reluctant to hazard the life of her parent or the fair fame of her sister by violating her oath, devised a tale to awaken my chaplain's curiosity. It failed; and after contriving to delude the spies that watched her, by affected seclusion, she came hither alone, on foot and at midnight, to confess the whole to me, and beseech my protection for you both. I have sent trusty messengers to search the vault, and they have found, as she asserted, a dead robber in one of my ancestor's coffins: and another filled with the plate and jewels which were stolen from me some years ago. These, or at least their amount, I design for her dowry; and if old Ozias renews his vigil on this eve of St. Mark, he will probably see the spectres of all the robbers on their way to the gallows."

"Truly," said the Provost, laughing, when the Lady of Dent had finished her tale, "the gallant Lord of Romeville did well to set his pearl in gold; but I expected to have seen his ancestor's nuptial ring employed to a better purpose. As usual, sister, all the mischief in your story resulted from women; and I have always thought the influence of superstition, and of Eve's daughters very much alike. Fools deny it openly, but wise men hardly escape from it." V.



## HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

From La Belle Assemblée.

## ANECDOTE OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

**D**URING the siege of York Town in Virginia, various were the shocking spectacles which daily presented themselves to the view of those persons who were necessarily confined within the contracted limits of the British lines. In the course of that tremendous and incessant cannonade, which was kept up by the besiegers for nearly two weeks, scarcely a single incident occurred which was better calculated to fill the mind with horror and anguish than that which gave rise to the following anecdote:—One of the shells thrown from a battery of the allied army, in its descent pierced the roof and penetrated the floors of a dwelling house situated on the beach. In a few moments it burst in the cellar with a great explosion, by which circumstance the house was materially injured, and an unfortunate woman, who was sitting in a front room with her infant, of about ten months old, fondly clasped in her arms, were together propelled several yards into the street. Some little time afterwards, Lord Cornwallis, the commander of the post, taking one of his usual walks around the lines, attended by several officers of the garrison, happened to pass that way. He observed the mother extended lifeless upon the ground, whilst the infant, unhurt, and ignorant of the loss it had sustained, appeared drawing from the breast of the lifeless corpse its wonted nourishment.—Shocked to an extreme with so uncommon an instance of the direful effects of

war, his Lordship, after ordering the deceased to be decently interred at his expense, despatched a messenger to a poor widow, who was the mother of several children, and who was remarkable for her kind and affectionate disposition. On her presenting herself, he related to her the accident which had happened, and expressed his desire that she would take the unfortunate orphan in charge, nurse it with the tenderness, and educate it with all the care of a parent. To this she readily agreed, when his Lordship took from his purse and gave her twenty guineas, and ordered her several necessary articles, as well for her own use as for the use of her adopted son. This example of the munificence of the Earl was soon imitated by numbers who heard the melancholy tale; by whose united liberal contributions the woman with her family were enabled, with prudence and economy, to live in a very comfortable style in Virginia, after the surrender of the British army to the combined forces of France and America.

## HABIT—CUSTOM.

Mr. Southey, in his *Omnia* has the following anecdote on the force of habit. An Emir had bought a left eye of a glass eye-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time; he could not expect that it would see all at once, as well as the right eye, which had been so many years in the habit of it! Custom, says somebody, is a great thing—I say it is every thing.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

## THEATRICAL.

**O**N Wednesday the 9th, Mrs. Bartley made her first appearance here in the character of Belvidera, in the celebrated tragedy of Venice Preserved. Her performance did full justice to the high expectation which had been formed. It is to be regretted that the excessive heat of the afternoon, and the tremendous thunder storm which followed, prevented many persons from attending. The lovers of the dramatick art who witnessed the performance enjoyed a rich treat.

The person of Mrs. Bartley is not naturally graceful or elegant, but her features are admirable. I have never witnessed a greater command of expression; she has also what is very essential to the actress, a beautiful hand and arm, which she knows how to use with uncommon grace. Her voice possesses great flexibility, but probably from the habit of exerting it in the larger theatres of Europe, it sometimes appears to possess a masculine coarseness; and yet occasionally when she suffers it to fall, it is as soft as the descending dews. She is indeed the finished actress, formed on the best models and upon the truest principles of the art.

If we should select a scene in which this lady seemed to us particularly to excel, we should take the one where Jaffier in a kind of phrenzy threatens her life. Seeing that she had offended him, but unconscious of the extent of the dreadful passion then torturing his breast, or the design he seemed to have formed, she falls on her knees before him to disarm his anger, when he suddenly half discovers the dagger, his countenance speaking his purpose; the manner in which Mrs. Bartley averted her head, and expressed the mingled sensations of agony and fear, produced an indescribable effect on the audience. This was indeed true to nature. A knowledge of the human heart no less profound was evinced in the first interview with her father, who unexpectedly forgives her.

The recitation of the Ode to the Passions, so extremely difficult, seemed to evince her powers through the whole range of tragedy. We pronounce her a most accomplished actress, and we think no one who has a taste for excellence in this elegant art should lose the opportunity of witnessing her powers.

THESPIS.

## POETRY.

From the European Magazine.

## THE CARNIVAL OF CORFU.

A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* \* \*

(By the author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.)

“**F**AREWELL, ye busy hidden hands  
That sweets and roses shower!

Ye firefly lamps, ye antick bands,  
Flit on from bow'r to bow'r!

And ye, with locks and eyes of jet,  
The mystick dance forbear!—  
Your thin mantillas' gaudy net  
For lighter hearts prepare.



There is a wound ye cannot know,—  
A pang no tongue can tell:—  
With me to other lands they go—  
My native isle, farewell!

Sweet Dora!—where is now thy thought,  
And where thy melting eye?  
If kindred souls commune in aught,  
Thy own may hover nigh.

Perhaps thou see'st the cold moon's  
face  
Half-hid in floating shade,  
And think'st how soon the silver trace  
Of memory may fade:

But think not thus—unseen awhile  
The clouded moon may shine,  
Yet higher heavens possess her smile,  
As Fancy looks on thine.

Not in this hour of gorgeous light  
A thought of me recall,  
Nor when thy maids with sandals bright  
Bound in the lattic'd hall;

But when on Corfu's holy place  
Thy virgin-footsteps pause,  
And he who claims thee from thy face  
Dares lift the sacred gauze;

Then send a thought to Malta's isle,  
Then, Dora, think on me;  
More than the kindest, loveliest smile,  
I prize one sigh from thee.

Yet no—when hope and joy are nigh,  
The fruitless thought repress;  
O!—I could blame the briefest sigh  
That made thy triumph less:

Or breathe it gently from thy heart,  
And leave the cause unguess'd;  
'Twould be too keen a pang to part,  
And not believe thee blest.

There is a thought that dare not glow—  
A sigh that shall not swell:—  
With me to other lands they go—  
My native isle, farewell!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The slipper is on her waxen foot,  
The myrtle in her hair,  
The church is deck'd—but there is not  
A hand to lead her there.

"Throw off, throw off, your gay ca-  
potes!  
Speed hence with oar and sail!  
From Goza's isle yon faithless boats  
Have brought the poison'd bale."

The minstrel troop, the priests of love,  
The dancing crowd are gone;  
And she has only her dying dove  
To rest her head upon.

Who comes across St. Michael's tide  
With lonely torch and oar?  
He has borne away the cheerless bride  
Where none have steer'd before.

There is no moon-light in the sky  
To guide them as they go,  
But the pilot-meteor flashes by,  
And the sea-stars gleam below."

Scarce two moons since, the coral isle\*  
Rose on the dark blue sea,  
Yet there he has built a green-rush pile  
The sick one's bower to be.

And every night from Hybla's hills  
The wild bee's comb he brings,  
And health in every cup he fills  
At Chio's cavern-springs.

She rests on the ripe pomegranate's  
flowers,  
With soft sleep on her eyes,  
As the jasmine-branch among scarlet  
bowers  
Pale in its beauty lies.

And she is fresh and lovely still  
As in her bridal bloom;  
Lovely as if an angel's skill  
Had rais'd her from the tomb.

And now again the gallant prow  
Comes lightly to the sands,  
And at its helm with hooded brow  
The muffled pilot stands.

"Lady!—thy bridal scarf prepare,  
St. Saffra's churchmen wait;  
The garland and the torch are there,  
The bridegroom at the gate:

Return in peace!—but when for thee  
The bridal feast they trim,  
Think, tho' thou gav'st thy love from  
me,  
I gave thee life for him!

Go to thy home!—our island-rock  
With spires and tow'rs is crown'd,  
But only in one sunbright spot  
The balsam-tree is found:

\* An islet of coralline appeared lately in the  
Ionian sea.

And in my memory this hour  
Shall be the sunbright spot,  
The blighted desert's secret bow'r,  
The balsam of my lot.

I win a treasure none can buy,  
A triumph none can tell;  
I win thy blessing and thy sigh—  
Land of my love, farewell!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

HYMN TO THE OMNIPOTENT.

LORD of universal Nature,  
God of every living creature,  
Light of morning—shade of even,  
King of Ocean, Earth and Heaven,—  
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

Soul of love—and source of pleasure,  
Mine of every richer treasure,—  
King of tempest,—storm, and shower,  
Ruler of each secret power,—  
Whilst for favor I implore thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

Spring of river,—lake, and fountain,  
Piler of the rock and mountain,  
Breath of animal creation,  
Life of varied vegetation,—  
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

First and last,—Eternal Being,—  
All prevailing, and all seeing,  
Centre of divine perfection,  
Whence the planets learn subjection,—  
Whilst for favour I implore thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

Oxford, June 25, 1818. T. GILLET.

SONNET.—THE RING RETURNED.

Oh, Lady mine!\* preserve unbroken,  
The tender ties of amity,  
And I shall never need a token,  
To bid my soul remember thee!  
What tho' we have so seldom met,—  
What tho' we ne'er may meet again,—  
Thro' hours of woe, with fond regret,  
My bosom shall thy form retain.

Then Lady mine, take back the ring!  
I want no pledge to make me  
blest;—

No talisman—no spell to bring  
Feelings that cannot be repress;—  
Since, whatsoe'er my future lot,  
Believe me thou'lt be ne'er forgot!

A. A. W.

V.

COMPARISON.

As the rose of the valley when dripping  
with dew,  
Is the sweetest in odours, and fairest  
in hue;  
So the glance of dear Woman the bright-  
er appears,  
When it beams, from her eloquent eye,  
thro' her tears! ARION.

TO \* \* \*.

Thy kiss is sweet,—but cannot call  
Departed feelings from the dead;  
Thy smiles are ardent,—but they fall  
Upon a heart so withered,  
That all the quickening beams of love  
Must shed illusive warmth in vain;  
And tears as unavailing prove  
To rear one shoot of hope again.

Yes,—doubt me not—I loved thee well,  
But never thought too well till now;  
A gloom that thou canst not dispel,—  
A coldness thou canst not subdue,—  
Comes o'er my bosom's genial flow,—  
Fanning it with its hated wings;—  
Oh! purest feelings, frozen, grow  
Hard as the ice of clearest springs.

E. W.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Oh! ask me not—oh! task me not  
Her monument to see,  
For doubly blest is there the rest,  
Which never comes to me.

Oh! say not so—you may not so  
All powerful Love inhume;  
For in your breast, while life's a guest,  
The heart's her real tomb.

\* "Oh, Lady mine?" Sir P. Sidney.